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Being the Adventures of a Young Woman From the Country.

the dressmaker wins the day.

in turn, means leaving her rival in posses-

sion; but beauty doctors insist upon eight hours' sleep, and between the pursuit of

beauty and the pursuit of man there can be

no hesitation. If you get beauty, she reasons, you get man anyway. She announces

to those whom it may concern, and a few

Where they go after the season is over | tain appointment leaves at 6.30. This will no one knows. Mysteriously they come, and mysteriously do they disappear. They people the landscape only when the active mosquito, the soda water fountain and the exclusive malaria are in the zenith of

their glory. Everybody knows them, the suburban commuters who think it is better to summer within an hour of the city"-every place where one summers is, of course, within an hour-than to stay and stick it out in the heat and discomfort of the town. Year after year they may be seen on the wide lawns, the deep verandas, the beaches, the walks, this strange procession of sub urban boarders

There is the New England spinster, of uncertain years and certain proprieties. Her days are spent in crocheting and in listening to and commenting on the stray bits of gossip that come her way. After she goes the cracks and keyholes are found to be closely cemented with newspaper wads, for there are young men on either side of her, and she believes in leading no into temptation.

There are the Southern people who speak of the "Spanish imbroglio"; there are army people, who hum "Taps" and "Tattoo"; the commercial traveller, who has had many escapes from fire and flood and more love affairs than a matinée idol, and whose fictions are much stranger than truth.

There are the young married couples who are never seen apart and speak in the plural like royalty and editors, and those who have been two, three and four years tied, the length of time being easily discernible by the ease with which they listen to seductive invitations from outside

There are golfers, who play simply to wear golf suits, and stunning yachtsmen, who never yacht outside of the office; but perhaps the most interesting of the summer boarders is the girl who goes into town

Her method of procedure is something like this: She eschew the entertainment offered for the evening, and while the rest of the boarders are engaged in singing "Hiawatha," doing a two-step or flirting, she sits in a corner where the light falls brightly enough to attract all the errant mosquitoes of the neighborhood, and studies the time table. She does this every time she goes to town.

Having become hopelessly tangled with stars, crosses, asterisks, locals and specials, she calls in the aid of six business men who go in and out every day and know the ropes. She learns from them that the train she would have to take in order to keep a cer-



"CLOSED UNTIL SEPTEMBER."

there, I don't feel that it is imposing on you from the coal bunkers to the space within the forward anchor chains. It was so hot that two of the players, a bo'sun's mate and a gunner's mate, were bulged out at the end of a couple of hours'playing,

soul longeth for them.

Mrs. Van leads the procession.

not attend to a C. O. D. order."

marked down from 17 to 16 cents a vard.

yards? You will have to pay for it, but

Mrs. Van is to give a yachting party in a

think they are having? A subway ex-

plosion sale at Twenty-third street," she

cries. "Of course, you'll be there. It

won't take you a bit out of your way, or I

wouldn't ask you, but, as long as you're

and the Chinese wardroom cook, Tsi Moon, pitted against each other.

"Tsi Moon was the crack pokerist of the children of the c the ship, if not of the whole Asiatic fleet, and the black was only a shade behind him. Both of them always had in their neck bags \$1,000 or so in loose poker winnings, easily snagged from reckless flat-feet who had the temerity to play with them. But throughout two cruises, or six years, during which both were on the same two ships, they had refrained from playing

But here they were, the placid, inscruta

was due to break up all of the games until the morrow, the Chink, who was a little, weazened chap, with the signs of the sur-reptitious use of the hop in his small, shrewd slant eyes, dealt himself a hand for a jackpot that, after the black had opened, he stood pat on. The darky had tossed a half card, representing a five-dollar chip, into the centre in opening it, and the Chinaman, who was standing on his feet in a sitting-down posture, rested his cards sitting-down posture, rested his cards face downward on the deck and counted

chips and slid them into the pot. " 'Laise you flity,' he said to the black.

'An' flity mo', 'quickly replied the black seaman, with a broad grin, winking at the lookers-on and scooping twenty of the torn-in-two card chips into the pile.

he saw the Chinaman furtively dropping the deck without making any draw himself-and there was some scientific exaggeration in the furtiveness with which to ask you if would mind matching this heliotrope voile. I want it two shades darker, and it must be exact." She hands out a sample of ribbon. "Ten yards, if you get the right shade; and if you'll pay for it I'll pay you when you get back. I'd pay you now, only, of course, I don't know how much it will be, and it would be silly to pay you too much or too little. But t'll be all right. I'm sure pay."

She breezes off before the request can be either granted or refused, and is followed by an elderly lady who sits down persuasively. She has at least ten skeins of worsted n her arms.

"I'm knitting baby things," she avers. "for my grandchildren. Would you mind?" She snips off bit after bit of worsted. "You necessitate her rising at 5. If she waits for may not be able to get them all at the same the next train she will have an escort of six, time, but here's a list of places where you but she will be late for the dressmaker, and are pretty sure to find them. I know you To rise at 5 means retiring at 9, and that, don't mind doing it for an old lady."

She is the kind of old lady who sits up every night to play bridge whist until 1 o'clock, eats three meals a day, and is only feeble and decrepit when she wants to be waited on. She feels in a capacious pocket and assumes a worried look.

"I wonder where I put my pocketbook?
I believe I'm getting forgetful." She



rises at the psychologic moment, "I'll pay you when you get back," she says. "It won't be but a few dollars, anyway, and I know what it is to go into town with a lot of other people's money. One gets so worried. Not that I'd care if you lost mine, but you would, I know, you're so conscientious. One hank of the blue and three of the pink, two skeins of red and fifteen of white. Don't forcest, that's a good girl." white. Don't forget, that's a good girl."

The landlady is next. She is covered with diamonds and has on a gown that puts shame the most elaborate costumes of her patrons.

her patrons.

"Hear you are going in town," she begins.

"I'd like to go myself if I wasn't so poor.
It's the worst season I've ever had. Nobody willing to pay for anything and expecting the earth. Don't suppose you'd mind doing a little commission? That's a good girl. Anybody could tell from your mouth that you were obliging. I can always tell from people's mouths whether I want them for boarders or not. I'm psychic, only I don't have time to develop my talent.

dances and moonlight strolls, though her "—she also has a list—"and bringing out rl? Get me a girl who don't mind sleep-She does not escape. As soon as it is whispered that she is to go into town there | a girl? ing in the country, who ain't afraid of work, who has references as to honesty and diligence—I don't mind the rest—and who is a steady stream of femininity toward her. "You will not mind. I am sure," says she persuasively, "doing one little commission

"You don't believe you'll be able to find for me? I see they are having a sale of one? Of course you can find one, you could find anything. I don't see how you escaped finding a husband. You've the cross-barred muslins at So-and-So's; Will you go there and order me twenty sweetest expression! I told my husband that week you forgot to pay your board you remember-not to worry, that a girl I'll pay you. I haven't my pocketbook with me now, but it won't make any difference. Don't forget to pay, for, you know, they

have such a call for specials they might but to get the girl and trust to luck.

She determined to get away before she ew days and her request cannot be ignored. She is followed by Mrs. Yxz, who waves the Only Eligible. pamphlet in her hand. "What do you

The rival speaks:

"So sorry you are going into town tomorrow! I had just made Mr. Smith promise to stay down and take us sailing. I offored with the sailing.

my talent.
"You wouldn't mind going to these agencan cook entrées. I must have a girl who can help on entrées.

with that mouth was perfectly honest."

The reference to the board bill was accurately timed. There was nothing to do

was again overtaken by shopping com-missions. As she tacked across the corner of the porch, she ran into her rival with

fered you as a bribe, and now you are going to desert us! I wish you would change you're mind, but it's too late isn't it?" She assents; there is nothing else to do.

The Only Eligible looks disappointed. To have only one at his beck and call, when he expected two! There is not enough excitement with one.

He hesitates. "Perhaps we could go sailing some other day, he suggests; "it don't make any difference to me which day I stay down."



FIRST SHE STUDIES THE TIME TABLE. The rival loses nerve for a moment-only

moment.
"I asked Miss Brown," she murmurs, "and she expects her cousin—an awfully pretty girl; took the prize at some beauty tournament somewhere. She'll be so disappointed."
The Only Eligible succumbs to the attrac-

"Of course, I couldn't disappoint you all, he assents courteously, "but we'll have our sail yet," he announces to the departing

sail yet," he announces to the departing lady as they say good night.

She does not sleep except by fits and starts—the is so afraid of oversleeping in the mornin; and losing her train.

She arises at 4:30 and bathes and dresses by candle light—candles are one of the attractions of the suburban home. "They are so Continental, you know," says the landlady, excusing the absence of gas and electricity. "I try to keep the place as homelike as possible."

The candle sputters, and she says ever." The candle sputters, and she says every-

thing but her prayers. Then she sits, cold and miserable, on the porch until the cook condescends to announce her early break-fast, a condescension which costs a quarter of a dollar.

She is the only one that intends to take the early train, and she is made aware of her misdemeanor by a steady stream of comments from the kitchen. Apparently she; has disturbed the cook's morning nap



THE MYSTERIES OF THE MEAL TICKET.

and even the quarter cannot assuage her wrath.
While she is trying to swallow her lukewarm coffee and burnt toast, a very old man comes in. He has pink-rimmed eyes and a long white beard. He is, besides, the landlady's husband. He sleeps in a little room in the barn and sits all day on appointed and dismissed the cab. She had

a back porch, where he tells strolling boarders what a wonderful woman his wife is. He has never within the memory of man performed a day's work.

He crumbles the toast until it seems to the departing lady that she will scream through sheer nervousness.

through sheer nervousness,
"Do you know," he remarks confidentially, "I can't sleep after 5 in the morning."
"No?" She tries to make her tone

"I've taken everything, but it's no use Just as sure as that clock strikes 5. I'm awake for all day. I've tried stopping the clock, but that don't help."

Remembering her own wakeful night, she tries to put a little more pity in her

I've even been to specialists. A wonderful woman, my wife; it's she that suggested a specialist—he owed her a board bill. I went to him, but, Lord, not a bit of good." She must say something, for he is waiting with his pink-rimmed eyes fixed on her.
"What time do you go to bed?" she

"What time do you go to sentures.

"Six o'clock every night. I haven't missed once in ten years. I have an early supper—just bread and milk, you know, so I won't dream. It was my wife that suggested it. Wonderful woman."

He went to bed at 6 and couldn't sleep after 5! There was really nothing to say, on sha did not attempt to say it. so she did not attempt to say it.

run up the steps before she noticed the sign, "Closed until September." sign, ⁵Closed until September."
She had chosen the tea room because it was quiet and she could have an uninterrupted tête-à-tête. This is what she

terrupted tête-â-tête. This is what she got for her diplomacy.

She sat down on the step in a discouraged condition. She had not made any estimate for luncheon, and now if she paid for her own she would not have enough money to make her purchases.

She took out a pencil and paper. She added and subtracted; mostly the latter. No, she would have no marrin to invest

she would have no margin to invest in sweetbreads or cafe parfait. She wondered what had become of him. He might have waited at least three-quarters of an hour!
She walked listlessly down the street

and turned the corner. There was the sign of a cheap restaurant, where they punched cards when you ate things, and fed punched cards when you ate things, and fed the hungry for something like 15 cents. She looked up and down the street; no one in sight. She slipped in and breathed a sight of relief. Supposing he had seen her! The men and women were herded to-gether at long tables. She took a chair with her back to the door. It was at least a minute before she ventured to raise her

eyes. When she did they encountered his.
"You!" they both exclaimed.
"I thought," he said lamely, "that if I came in here and watched the street I would ee you when you came along.



THE HOME COMING.

"I," she said boldly, "didn't have money enough to go anywhere else."

The luncheon was not a success.

"It isn't," she argued with herself afterward, "that I object to a man's eating at cheap restaurants if he's married, but he ought to save something for that time—that's the only thing he ever does, and a man who doesn't see that is simply lacking in the finer feelings, that is all."

She started on her shopping excursion

and at 4 o'clock had succeeded in matching the heliotrope voile, the ten samples of worsted and the swiss barred muslin. It

was too late and she was too tired to do her



BREAKFAST BY CANDLE LIGHT

but her return ticket, carfare and the commuter's ticket which the landlady had given her for the maid.

The maid met her as agreed at the ferry-house. She had added another child to the

nouse. She had added another child to the equipment.

"He won't take up much room," she said nonchalantly "an' I didn't seem to know what to do with him. My sister's got six. He's real good company, an' I understand the lady's got a husband that sleeps in the barn. He'll curl up with him, I reckon."

There was nothing more to be said and the procession started

the procession started.
She wondered as she took her seat in the She wondered as she took her seat in the outgoing train if she looked as disreputable as she felt. She concluded that she did, for three of the six business men were on the train and held their papers before their faces, as if they did not want the bother of talking to her and escorting her in her disheveled condition before the eyes of the 5 o'clock crowd who always gathered on the porches to note the incomers.

She had put the maid and her children in another car and was free to think over the day's adventures.

day's adventures.

As they neared the scene of her summer home they could see a small sailboat in the bay. There were two in it, who waved good humoredly toward the train with that air of fatuous satisfaction which the cool and comfortable assume to the tired and de-

Apparently Miss Brown and the pretty cousin who had taken a prize at the beauty tournament were simply an excuse. She determined, tired as she was, to put on her best gown that evening and once more enter the arena. The Only Eligible should not be

lost without a struggle.

When she left the train she looked all about for the maid and her incumbrances. They were nowhere in sight. After every-body had gone the station master heard her tale of woe.

"I think it's the same woman," he explained, "who plays that trick every year. She lives somewhere about and that's her way of getting back from the city without paying her fare. She tried it twice last summer. Oh, you can't do anything with those people. They simple haven't any moral responsibility."

she came up the walk with her hat on the side, her dress draggled and torn, her shirt waist, fresh in the morning, looking as if it had been used to mop a floor, her arms full of bundles, tired, cross and disappointed. A row of spotlessly attired women watched her, most of them through lorgnettes.

"How tired you look!" exclaimed they,

And, in the same breath:
"Did you get my—."
She had just patience left to hand the bundles to their rightful owners, then fied

to her room.

Half an hour after there was a cherus outside the door, which she refused to unlock.

"Where's the maid?"

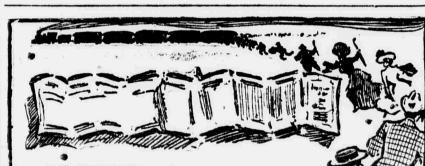
"Do you mind keeping the cross-barred muslin? I have changed my mind and think I'll go in to-morrow and get some dotted instead."

"The color of the worsted is all right, but

it isn't the right twist."
"You must have picked up the wrong bundle. This isn't heliotrope voile; it's scarlet maline.

and at 4 o'clock had succeeded in matching the heliotrope voile, the ten samples of sorsted and the swiss barred muslin. It was too late and she was too tired to do her was reads.

She had nothing left in her pocketbook of the porch lost to the world.



TACK TARS IN A BIG POKER FIGHT.

Asia Was Pitted Against Africa, and Nerves Were Tried for Three Months.

"A couple of cruises ago I saw a pair of poker hands dealt in Japan the action upon which culminated in the United States three months later," said a chief petty officer in the United States Navy. hands constituted a try-out between the backbone of a black man and the nerve of a Chinaman.

The game began in the harbor of Yoko hama. For four months previous all hands had been quarantined on board ship on account of the prevalence of cholera in the Japanese ports. The quarantine against shore liberty was raised when the ship drifted into Yokohama harbor and it was found that the cholera had been wiped out. "Then all hands forward drew big money

from the Paymaster in anticipation of one stupendous saki toot in Yokohama as a wind-up to the cruise. Before the liberty party went ashore, however, the skipper got his sailing orders for the run to the Mare Island Navy Yard, and, as the ship was to up anchor on the following morning for the States, the liberty was of course cancelled. "Bluejackets hate to have money loose

on them that they have no immediate chance to spend in port, and the big sums that they had drawn with the Yokohama liberty in view were thrown on their hands, with no chance of a big beach blow-in until the States were reached. So they got down to sure-enough poker as soon as knock-off was piped on the evening before the sailing. "For chips they used, after the customary

fashion in the navy, old decks of cards cut in two, thus nursing the idea that they were deceiving the officers as to the nature of the game they were playing. The officers, as a rule, permit the poker-playing blue jackets to entertain this comfortable delusion, for even the middles in our sea outfit understand the non-necessity, not to say the foolishness, of seeing too much of what is happenng among the men forward

"The four-hand game around the fo'c'sle capstan quickly developed into the hottest affair of all the poker sessions

that were in progress all over the ship,

leaving a coal-black seaman named Terry

against each other by a sort of mutual consent, feeling, no doubt, that the picking among their shipmates was better and than pitting themselves against

ble Chink and the lowering and singularly lucky black, right up against each other in a two-hand game on the night before the ship was to up anchor for the States, and all hands, although they kept a proper distance arms, from the constants of as not distance away from the capstan so as no

distance away from the capstan so as not to attract any undue attentio. from the offificers to the game, were a whole lot interested in the way things were going to come out between Tsi Moon, the cook, and Terry, the seaman.

"The two feit of each other's game for a couple of hours before either of them got down to business, and then Tsi Moon collared the black in the act of trying to get away with a scientific stand-pat bluff. A away with a scientific stand-pat bluff. A while later Terry had the goods when the Chink got after him again in the same way, and from then on it was blood poker

nd no quarter.
"About half an hour before pipe-down

Chinaman did the trick-the black

'Uh-tryin' tuh git in a sneaky stan'-pat, eh, yo' yalluh-faced ape? Got de papuhs an' don't want no one tuh know yo' don't need no mo', eh, yo' squeenchy-eyed baboon?'

baboon?

"Tsi Moon smiled affably.

"'Up to you now,' he said.

"The negro closed his cards up and flicked a five dollar half-card into the stack. The conquering grin still remained on his face.
"'Jes' tuh feel o' yo', yo' pig-tailed dope,

'Laise you fifty,' said Tsi Moon, without looking up. "The negro looked delighted. He rocked to and fro on his haunches and rubbed his knees with an elephant-like content-ment in the mere pleasure of motion. "Yalluh man,' he said with hoarse hap-

piness, 'yo' all bite lak uh Mississipp' bull-haid catfish whut's been stranded in uh swamp fo' up month by uh flood. Uh hund'ed mo' dan yo' all.' "'And a hundled,' said Tsi Moon, seeming to be studying with queer intentness bolt at the base of the capstan.

Terry, the black seaman, still swaved to and fro with a kind of joy that caused him

and fro with a kind of joy that caused him to gurgle in his throat.

"Yo' blink-eyed monkey,' he said purringly to the Chinaman, 'Ah've been uhwaitin' fo' six yeahs, on two o' dese ol' frigates o' Uncle Sammy's, tuh line up uhlongside o' yo' all. An' now Ah've got yo' all, an' got yo' in uh co'nuh. An' a hund'ad mo'.

" 'Hundled,' remarked Tsi Moon, flicking a fly from off the toe of one of his heelless grass slippers. grass suppers.
"'Jes' lak pickin' crab meat with uh ice-pick, said the dinge, every one of his teeth showing in the breadth of his grin. 'Mek it two hund'ed dis-uh-time.'
"'You get it?' said Tsi Moon, looking up

inquiringly.

"Has Ah got it, yo' shave-haided rateater?' amiably said the black, and he pulled from underneath his white twill blouse a canvas bag about the size of a boxing-glove, pulled together at the top with a drawstring. 'Dey's 'leben hund'ed in this hyuh gunnysack—an' Ah didn't have tuh wash down no decks tuh git dis hyuh gilt, neethuh, and he laughed up-roariously as he thought, presumably, of the easy fashion with which he had snagged the velvet in the canvas bag from his shipmates in previous poker séances.

"All li," said Tsi Moon, refixing his gaze on the capstan bolt. 'I see you two hundled, and laise you fi' hundled.'

"The negro stopped swaying on his haunches as suddenly as if the master-at-arms of the ship had tapped him on the shoulder and ordered him to report to the stick, and for half a second the whites of his eyes were visible. It was not exactly with his previous hoarseness of sheer de-

one to cave before the show-down, others
"Five hund'ed, ch? An' how does Ah
know dat yo' all has got dat?"
"The Chinaman reached under his blouse
the Chink"

the Chink and gave the black a quick flash at a canvas

sack of even larger size than the seaman had produced.

"I got, all li',' said Tsi Moon. 'Laise you fi' hundled.'

"And that's the way it passed back forth between the Chinaman and the black man until they counted the half-ord chips in the stack and figured up the larger tally bets that weren't represented by whips in the pot, and found that the negro's eleven hundred velvet was all in on his final raise,

with the raise now up to the Chinaman.

"'Ah'm all in,' said the dinge, 'but Ah hain't had enough yit. Ah don't want no show-down ef yo' all don't, yo' mangohaid. Ah've got uh thousan' mo' on de books, an' ef yo' wants Ah'il wait twell de end o' de crying an', show i nall o' mel de end o' de cruise an' shove in all o' mah pay-day fo' uh show-down—uh thousan'-dolluh show-down. Dat's de kin' o' nigguh yo' all's un-playin' kyards with.

"'All li',' replied Tsi Moon, with the utmost good nature, placing a foot on his cards. How we do it?'

"It was necessary for them to confer with some of the lookers-on before they arrived at a method whereby to stretch the decision on their hands out to the day of their final paying-off at the Mare Island yard. The Paymaster's yeoman came forward from the pay room to fix up the details.

"He verified the black's statement that "He verified the black's statement that he had \$1,000 and over on the books, as the bluejackets call the money in the hands of the Paymaster, their cruise savings— and Terry's pay, or the major portion of it, for two cruises was in the Paymaster's hands, since the dinge had no bother in copping out running liberty money with his poker skill. The Chinaman had more than \$1,500 on the ship's books as a result

his poker skill. The Chinaman had more than \$1,500 on the ship's books as a result of his two cruises on the China station.

"The pay yeoman took the two canvas bags belonging to the players to one of the bunkers, accompanied by the Chinaman and the black, and, dumping both of them out, took all of the black's \$1,100 and added to it \$1,100 from the Chinaman's one had it \$1,100 from the Chinaman's coin bag. This he put into one bag and placed in the Paymaster's safe in a little compartment set aside for the yeoman's use.

"Before going to the bunker to do this

the yeoman, without examining either of the hands, sealed them in official envelopes, the hands, sealed them in official envelopes, writing the respective names of the two players on the envelopes, and stowing them safely in his desk. And that's how it was all set on the night before the ship pulled out of Yokohama for the hike to San Francisco. There was \$2,200 in the pot, it was the Chinaman's raise and it was understood the Chinaman's raise, and it was understood that Tsi Moon on pay-off day, three months later, was to raise Terry for \$1,000 for a show-down.

"Well, from the hour that the thing was well, from the hour that the thing was done, all hands forward began making side bets as to what the outcome would be. Their bets were of all sorts. Some took the end that the Chinaman would be the one to cave before the show-down, others that the dinge's nerve wouldn't hold out

"Then they bet with each other as to which

of the two had the other beat in case the as it had been planned. as it had been planned.
"Before the ship reached Honolulu, where
she put in to coal, the dinge had let it out
that his hand consisted of four sevens,

went in to get her tangled thoughts

righted.

First of all, she would get the landlady's girl. Then she would fulfil the boarders' commissions before she undertook her

commissions before she undertook her own. Then she would have a clear field.
She visited five agencies. It was the same old story, so old that every house-keeper in Manhattan can recite it when she is half asleep. At the last one there was a black girl with a jet baby, six months old.
"She's willing to go," said the manager, in a confidential aside, "simply because she thinks the baby needs fresh air. You can have the two of them for what one would

have the two of them for what one would

"Oh, I know, but you ought to be glad to

get anything."
"Can she cook entrees, and has she

The manager brushed aside the inter-

You ought to be glad to get her. I

know your landlady. She simply can't keep a girl. She expects them to work. Now here's a chance if the place agrees

Now here's a chance if the place agrees with the child."

She promised to meet the girl at the

She looked at her watch. The morning

was gone. She was already too late for

her luncheon appointment, and it was in reality the luncheon appointment that had been the keynote of her visit, although

she had told others and herself that it was

the dressmaker.
She had not seen him since she went to

the country. A thousand things might have happened. She counted her money.

By omitting to get her new pair of shoes, she could take a hansom. Take a hansom

She fell out of it at the little tea room

the country?

ferry at 4:30 o'clock

and then the black became a strong favor-ite to win out. But the Chinaman went on cooking for the wardroom mess and saying nothing.
"He would blink good-humoredly when fellows who wanted to get an inside line on the situation tried to wheedle the character of his sealed hand out of him, but he wasn't

to be wheedled. He kept his own counsel as to that hand upon which he stood pat until the finish. "The black man fell into a ruminative sort of manner as the ship progressed toward San Francisco, and he used to stand with his arms resting on the galley sill and gaze into the galley at the Chinaman about his work and try to get a rise out of the Chink by expressions of confidence in the outcome. "'Ah've got yo' all skinned, yalluh man,' he would say, taking his pipe out of his teeth

eeth. "Maybe yes. Maybe no. Money him alk, the chink would reply, and that would be the end of it.
"The ship docked at the Mare Island yard, and as the time drew close for the crew to be paid off or for those whose time was not out to be sent to the receiving ship to allow the cruiser to go out of commission, the men continued to gamble on what the outcome of the sealed hands was to be. On the day before the final pay-off the Chinese steward of the wardroom mess, Moy Yen, came forward and calmly offered o bet \$1,000 in sections that his countryman

had the black beat.
"That was a stunner for all hands. They instantly arrived at the conclusion, of course, that Moy Yen knew what Tsi Moon's hand consisted of, and, as they knew that Moy Yen knew that the black's hand was four sevens, there was but one conclus for them to draw, and that was that the Chinaman's hand was the top one-else why should Moy Yen so placidly offer to

stake \$1,000 on the outcome?
"Betting on the result stopped altogether right then—all hands felt confident that the Chinaman had the black smothered. The dinge himself rolled his eyes gloomily when he heard Moy Yen's startling offer to back Tsi Moon's hand to the tune of a thousand, and sulked.

"All hands lay aft to the Paymaster's office for final settlements the next day. When, late in the afternoon, the work was done, the pay yeoman brought the canvas bag containing the \$2,200 forward, under the fo'c'sle, together with the two sealed hands. He placed the bag with the money on top of the capstan, and handed the received hands. sealed hands to their respective owners "All hands were grouped around the capstan to see the finish. The officers, of course, knew what was in progress, and were as much interested in it as the men, but this was one of the little things that

"Tsi Moon placed a bag containing an even thousand in gold beside the larger bag containing the pot on the capetan, and

'I laise vou tousan' dolla'. "The black rolled his eyes in palpable misery for about half a minute, while you could have heard a pin drop on the deck the crew were so silent. He moistened the crew were so silent. He moistened his lips a number of times before he could speak

'Yo' all has got me beat, yalluh man, he said then, so hoarsely that he could scarcely be understood. 'Tek de dough.'
"The crew burst into a roar. Tsi Moon smiled agreeably and tucked the two canvas

bags into his blouse.
"'D'ye mind my showing up what you'ye got, Moon?' the pay yeoman asked the Chinaman.
"'I no care,' replied the Chink, with a

very broad grin.
"The pay yeoman ripped open the envelope containing the Chinaman's five cards, the crew pressing forward eagerly to see what the hand consisted of.

"'A pair of treys, by thunder!' bawled the yeoman, and then there was another and a more terrific roar from those who had backed the Chink-who was already fiddling around with his pots and pans in the galley, getting the wardroom officers'

dinner chagrined and cheapened black's eyes. On sheer nerve, a Chinaman had beat him to a standstill with the most ingenious and persistent bluff ever worked in the Ameri-

can Navy. "Moy Yen, Tsi Moon's countryman on board, had contributed to the shattering of the negro's backbone by his offer to bet \$1,000 on Tsi Moon on the day before, but Tsi Moon himself got the bulk of the glory for the perfectly tranquil manner with which he had held out to the very end. And I've got more than half a doubt as to whether the strongest kind of white man would have held out to the finish in such a frameup with a Chinaman possessed of Tsi Moon's brand of Oriental nerve."

The Latest in Baby Transportation.

From the Cincinnati Enquirer. well-dressed woman created something of a sensation on Fourth street in the vicinity of the St. Nicholas Hotel Monday afternoon of the St. Nicholas Hotel Monday afternoon by her method of carrying a very young baby. She had across her arm a "carryall," but instead of having it filled with articles secured in the shopping district she carried a lusty youngster, which looked like it might be about one year old. It was sleeping as serenely as if ensconced in its own couch at home, and the mother walked in and out of the stores with as little concern as if she only carried an ordinary package. But the passers-by eyed her, and every woman from Vine to Race craned her neck to see how the child enjoyed its new mode of travel. The mother paid little attention to the comments of the throng and went about her business in such a matter-of-fact way that the impression soon prevailed that both she and the baby were used to it and cared little for what others said.

LIFE IN OLD BREATHITT. Why Judge Hargis Has Trouble in Appoint-

ing a Cockrell Guardian. From the Winchester Sun-Sentinel. Judge C. X. Bollin, who left Jackson shortly after the assassination of James Cockrell a year ago, and later went to Europe, was in the city Saturday on his way back. He has some property in Jackson, residences and the lot on which his store. that was burned by incendiaries last January

Judge Bollin was appointed guardian of the Cockrell children to succeed Dr. D. B. Cox, who was assassinated in April, 1902. James Cockrell, after having been shot by assassins concealed in the Jackson court house, ran a short distance and fell at the side of Judge Bollin's store. Judge Bollin was among the first to reach the side of the wounded man and remained with him until wounded man and remained with him until
his death in the hospital at Lexington. Judge
Bollin was bitter in his denunciation of the
deed and openly declared his purpose to do
all he could to bring the assassins to justice.

Late one night about a month after the
killing of Cockrell, a party of men stealthily
approached Bollin's store, which had been
closed for the night. A young lady, Miss
Haddix, living near by, saw the men preparing
for mischief, but was afraid to make any
outery. Presently a turpentine ball was
lighted and one of the men attempted to
throw it in at an upper window of the store.
The brand missed the mark, however, and
fell blazing to the ground. The men fled
and Miss Haddix then gave the alarm. The
blaze from the ball was licking the side of
the building when it was extinguished. In
January last a second attempt was made
which succeeded, and Judge Bollin's store
and contents were laid in ashes.
County Judge James Hargis removed
Judge Bollin as guardian of the Cockrell
children, but has not appointed a successor,
as he has been unable to find any one willing
under the circumstances to accept the trust. his death in the hospital at Lexington. Judge under the circumstances to accept the trust.
As a result the Cockrell heirs are deprived
of a considerable sum of money belonging
to them and now in the hands of the Breathits

to them and now in the hands of the Breathits County Court.

Judge Bollin says he does not look for further trouble at Jackson while the troops are kept there, but fears for the safety of those who have dured to oppose the powers that be should the troops be removed. He says conditions in Breathitt are much discussed in Europe, and the London papers gave the news of the court proceedings in the Jett and White trial at Jackson.

Dog Saved His Life.

From the Oil City Blizzard.

John Hoff of Fairview may thank his faithful shepherd dog that he is living to-day. There is a sand bank on Mr. Hoff's farm and he was working there on Monday, accompanied only by his dog. Without warning a large section of the bank tumbled down and completely buried the farmer. The dog commenced to dig and bark frantically above the place where his master was entombed. A teamster, passing that way, saw the animal and hastened to his assistance. He removed a large piece of turf and was astonished to see the head of a man. Mr. Hoff was released in an unconscious condition, but later revived and will recover.